



"TELL THEM TO OBEY THE LAWS AND UPHOLD THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES."—LAST WORDS OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

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GREENBACKS ARE GOOD, BUT Robacks are Better.

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These Bitters are not offered to the public as a medicine that will cure all the "ills that flesh is heir to," but they are an efficient and agreeable regulator of the system. In all sections of the country, especially in the Western States, where they have been introduced, they are recommended by the Physicians as beneficial in taking in proper quantities in accordance with the directions, as a preventive and cure for Fever and Ague, Liver Complaint, Biliousness, Pimples, &c.

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ROBACK'S CHOICE WINES & LIQUORS.
The Winegrowers of the West have discovered that after the Catawba grape has yielded the delicious wine so highly prized, an exceedingly fine flavored brandy, possessing rare medicinal properties, can be extracted by careful distillation. Being ever ready to advance any discovery that tends to the improvement of the human race.

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Roback's Remedies
ALL DRUGGISTS IN URBANA and all Respectable Druggists everywhere.

Select Poetry.

ODE TO SPRING.

WRITTEN BY A LAWYER'S OFFICE.

Whereas on sunny boughs and sprays
Now diverse birds are heard to sing;
And sundry flowers their heads unprise—
Hail to the coming of Spring.

The song of the said bird arouse
The memory of our youthful hours,
As young and green as the said flowers;
As fresh and fair as the said daisies.

The birds, as aforesaid, happy pairs!
Love 'mid the aforesaid boughs enshrine
In household nests, themselves, their heirs,
Administrators and assigns.

Oh, basest term of cupid's court!
When tender plaintiffs action bring;
Season of frolic and of sport,
Hail, as aforesaid coming spring!

Our Story-Teller.

THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

[From Chronicles of Schenberg Cotta Family.]

OFFERUS was a soldier—a heathen—who lived on the land of Cannan. He had a body twelve ells long. He did not like to obey, but command. He did not care what harm he did to others, but lived a wild life, attacking and plundering all who came in his way. He only wished for one thing—to sell his services to the mightiest; and as he heard that the Emperor was, in those days, the head of Christendom, he said:

"Lord Emperor, will you have me?—To none less will I sell my heart's blood." The Emperor looked at his Samson strength, his giant chest and mighty fists, and he said:

"If thou wilt serve me forever, Offerus, I will accept thee."

Immediately the giant answered: "To serve *forever* is not so easily promised; but as long as I am your soldier none in the east or west shall trouble you." Thereupon he went with the Emperor through all the land, and the Emperor was delighted with him. All the soldiers, in the combat as in the wine cup, were miserable, helpless creatures compared with Offerus.

Now the Emperor had a harper who sang from morning till bed time, and whenever the Emperor was weary with the march, this minstrel had to touch his harp strings.

Once, at eventide, they pitched the tents near a forest. The Emperor ate and drank lustily—the minstrel sang a merry song; but as in his song he spoke of the evil one, the Emperor signed the cross in the forehead.

Said Offerus aloud to his comrades: "What is this? What jest is the Prince making now?"

Then the Emperor said, "Offerus, listen; I did it on account of the wicked fiend who is said often to haunt this forest with great rage and fury."

That seemed marvelous to Offerus, and he said, scornfully, to the Emperor: "I have a fancy for wild boars and deer—let us hunt in this forest."

The Emperor said softly, "Offerus, no! Let alone the chase in this forest, for in filling thy harder thou mightest harm thy soul."

The officer made a wry face, and said: "The grapes are sour; if your Highness is afraid of the devil, I will enter the service of the Lord, who is mightier than you." Thereupon he coolly demanded his pay, took his departure with no ceremony, leave taking, and strode off cheerily into the depths of the forest.

In a wide clearing of the forest he found the devil's altar, built of black cinders; and on it, in the moonlight, gleamed the white skeletons of men and horses. Offerus was in no way terrified, but quietly inspected the skulls and bones; then he called three times in a loud voice on the evil one, and seating himself, fell asleep, and soon began to snore. When it was midnight the earth seemed to crack, and on a coal black horse he saw a pitch black rider, who rode at him furiously, and sought to bind him with solemn promises. But Offerus said, "We shall see." Then they went together through the kingdoms of the world, and Offerus found him a better master than the Emperor; needed seldom to polish his armor, but had plenty of feasting and fun.

However, one day as they went along the high road, three crosses stood before them. Then the Black Prince suddenly had a cold and said, "Let us creep round by the by-road."

Said Offerus: "Methinks you are afraid of these gallowtrees," and, drawing his bow, he shot an arrow into the middle cross.

"What bad manners!" said Satan softly; "do ye not know that he who in his form as a servant is the son of Mary, now exercises great power?"

"If that is the case," said Offerus, "I came to you fettered by no promise; now I will seek further, for the mightiest, whom only I will serve."

Then Satan went off with a mocking laugh, and Offerus went on his way, asking every traveler he met for the son of Mary; but, alas! few bore him in their hearts, and no one could tell the giant where the Lord dwelt, until one evening Offerus found an old pious hermit, who gave him a night's lodgings in his cell and sent him the next morning to the Carthusian Cloister. Then the Lord prior listened to Offerus, showed him plainly the path of faith, and told him he must fast and pray, as John the Baptist did of old in the wilderness.

But he replied: "Locusts and wild honey, my Lord, are quite contrary to my nature, and I do not know any prayers. I should lose my strength altogether, and had rather not go to heaven at all in that way."

"Reckless man!" said the prior. However, you may try another way; give yourself up heartily to achieve some good work."

"Ah! let me hear," said Offerus: "I have strength for that."

"See, there flows a mighty river, which hinders pilgrims on their way to Rome. It has neither bridge nor ferry. Carry the faithful over on thy back."

"If I can please the Savior in that way, willingly will I carry the travelers to and fro," replied the giant. And thereupon he built a hut of reeds, and dwelt there, forth among the water rats and beavers, on the border of the river, carrying the pilgrims over the river cheerfully, like a camel or an elephant. But if any one offered him ferry money, he said, "I labor for eternal life."

And when now after many years Offerus' hair had grown white, one stormy night a plaintive little voice called to him, "Dear, good, tall Offerus, carry me across!"

Offerus was tired and sleepy, but he thought faithfully of Jesus Christ, and with weary arms he seized the pine trunk, which was his staff when the floods swelled high, he waded through the water and nearly reached the opposite bank, but he saw no pilgrim there, so he thought, "I was dreaming," and went back and lay down to sleep again. But scarcely had he fallen asleep, when again came the little voice, clear and plaintive and imploring, "Good, dear, giant Offerus, carry me across!"

The third time he seized his pine stem and went through the cold river. This time he found a tender, fair little boy, with golden hair. In his left hand was the standard of the Lamb; in his right, the globe. He looked at the giant with eyes full of love and trust, and Offerus lifted him up with two fingers; but when he entered the river, the little child weighed on him like a tun. Heavier and heavier grew the weight, until the water reached his chin; great drops of sweat stood on his brow, and he had nearly sunk in the stream with the little one. However, he struggled through, and, tottering to the other side, led the child gently down on the bank, and said: "My little lord, prythee, come not this way again, for scarcely have I escaped this time with life."

But the fair child baptized Offerus on the spot, and said to him, "Know all thy sins are forgiven; and, although thy limbs tottered, fear not marvel, but rejoice, thou hast carried the Saviour of the world! For a token, plant thy pine trunk, so long dead and lifeless, in the earth; to-morrow it shall shoot out green twigs."

And henceforth thou shalt be called not Offerus, but Christopher.

Then Christopher folded his hands and prayed, and said: "I feel my end draws nigh; my limbs tremble; my strength fails; and God has forgiven me all my sins." Thereupon the child vanished in light, and Christopher set his staff in the earth. And so on the morrow it shot out green leaves and red blossoms, like an almond; and three days afterwards the angels carried Christopher to Paradise.

Mr. Buchanan's History.

THE Lancaster (Pa.) Intelligencer says that Mr. Buchanan will soon give to the public a full documentary history of the latter part of his administration. It will be found a complete and ample vindication of himself and of the Democratic party, from every one of the charges which have been paraded in Abolition prints during the last four years.

The public records, when once they are spread before the world, will give the lie to all such base slanders.

Biography.

JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

[From The New York Clipper.]

THE subject of our present sketch is a son of the celebrated tragedian, Junius Brutus Booth, and was born on the farm of the family near the city of Baltimore, Md., in 1838. He was named after John Wilkes, the great radical English politician, who lived during the reign of George the Third, and from whom the saying, "Wilkes and Liberty," originated. He has three brothers and two sisters, Junius Brutus, lately performing in Cincinnati; Edwin F., Joseph, Rosalie, (now wife of John S. Clarke), and another sister.

His mother (a second wife of the great tragedian) has been living in this city, but left for Washington on the morning of the 15th inst. When very young he was anxious to adopt the stage as a profession, and was constantly mixed up with amateur theatricals. When John S. Clarke (now Mr. Booth's brother-in-law) was fulfilling an engagement at the St. Charles Theatre, Baltimore, in 1855, he persuaded Mr. Clarke to allow him to make his appearance on the stage, and he accordingly made his debut as Richmond, in "Richard the Third."

He was favorably received and gave promise of future excellence. He appeared on the stage at stated intervals for about two years. On the 15th of August, 1857, he became a regular member of the old Arch street Theatre company at Philadelphia, and made his first appearance there under the assumed name of John Wilkes as Second Mark in "Belle's Stratagem," and remained at that theater during the season.

His reason for changing his name from Booth to Wilkes was because he was doubtful as to his meeting with that success which his ambition had pictured for him; also, to keep the name of Booth from anything but a brilliant success. During the season he appeared in a variety of characters and became a general favorite with the audience. The next season—1858-9—he vended his way down South—became a member of the Richmond (Va.) Theatre, and so rapid was his progress in the dramatic art that we find him playing some of Shakespeare's most prominent characters. He became one of the greatest favorites in the theatre. At the commencement of the season of 1860-61, he started out on a starring tour, visiting nearly all the principal cities in the South and Southwest, playing Romeo, Macbeth and all the leading tragic parts. His first stage engagement was in September, 1860, at the Columbus (Ga.) Theatre, under the management of Matt. Canning. While performing this engagement he was accidentally shot in the rear by the manager, who was handling a small revolver at the time. On March 31st, 1862, he made his bow in New York at Wallack's old Theatre, and appeared one week. He met with a hearty welcome, and was looked upon as a very clever tragedian. From this time up to the commencement of the season of 1864-5 he fulfilled star engagements throughout the country. When the season of 1863-4 closed he retired from the stage and speculated very extensively in the oil regions and amassed a great amount of money. His retirement was owing to bronchial affection, which was so painful that he could not act. On the occasion of the benefit given for the Shakespeare monument fund at the Winter Garden on November 23d, 1864, he, in company with his two brothers, Edwin and Junius, appeared in "Julius Caesar," J. Wilkes Booth playing Marc Antony, and won considerable applause for the excellent rendition of the role.

This occasion and his one week at Wallack's Old Theatre were the only times he ever appeared in this city. Mr. Booth's last appearance on the stage was at Ford's Theatre, Washington, as Pescara, in Shiel's tragedy of "The Apostate," for the benefit of John McCullough, six weeks ago. As an actor, Mr. Booth was no common genius. He had the natural advantages of a good figure, a musically full and rich voice of rare compass and modulation, a face that always takes with an audience, and an eye that expresses tenderness and love, malice and hate, pleasure and sorrow, as perfectly as the language he utters, or the tone in which it is conveyed. His frame was light, and he was of medium height. He was also very nervous. He had a large beautiful black eye, a face pale and impressive. Height, five feet eight inches; weight, 160 pounds, and when talking inclines his head forward and looks down. His hair was jet black, very long and bushy, and a heavy black moustache. His transitions were absolutely electrifying; and in this respect there is a family resemblance between him and his father. To these material

aptitudes he added a very clear perception of character, with the ability to assume it, to enter into and become a part of it. He was a very close student, and not forgetful of those minor graces of art which complete and make perfect the interpretation of character. He was a "sensationeer," and as Richard the Third he was different from all other tragedians. He imitated no one, but struck out into a path of his own, introducing points which older hands at the business would not dare to attempt. In the last act he was truly original, particularly where the battle commences. With most tragedians, it is the custom to rush on the stage, while the fight is going on, looking as if dressed for Court. Wilkes Booth made a terrible feature of this part of the performance. He would dart across the stage as if he "meant business," then again he would appear "seeking for Richmond in the throat of death." His face was covered with blood, from wounds supposed to have been received in slaying those five other Richmonds he refers to; his beaver was lost in the fray; his hair flying helter-skelter; his clothes all mussed, and he heaped and fumed like a prize-fighter. He made his audience think that he had been fighting, and that he was chasing up Richmond to tackle him. In this character he was more terribly real than any other actor we ever saw. On one occasion, while performing this character at Wallack's, he pressed the Richmond (E. L. Tilton,) of the evening so hard in the fencing scene that he ran him off the stage, and heading he went into the orchestra. In Mar., '61, while performing in Albany, he had a little affair with a certain actress, formerly engaged at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, and at Mrs. John Wood's Olympic in this city, and a popular equestrian actress, when he was shot at by one of the ladies, the ball hitting him in the hand, and he suffered considerably for awhile from its effects.

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